

TULSA MINE CAPITAL IS WORTH MORE NOW

Developments Last Week Show Increase in Price of Ore Being Taken From Miami Field.

A NEW INTEREST IS SHOWN

Hardly Proper to Say It Is "Come Back," Because Really It Hasn't Been Any Place.

Watch how many Tulsa men brighten up when zinc is mentioned. Watch how many Tulsa men's wives have a sigh of relief and resolve to hope on while longer.

One has gone up.

Tulsa is heavily invested in the Miami mining field but Tulsa has not drawn any dividends to speak of in more than a year. It is now a gall. Things are looking better with zinc and the men say that the business men are gratified at the steady advance in prices that zinc and zinc have undergone in the past few weeks. Total gold in the Miami field this past week for \$40 and zinc for \$44 or \$7.20 per ton.

Brundage, Morrissey & Co., in their market report under date of June 26, say:

"The most important event of the past week was the rise in zinc stocks and zinc. The demand has started and is rapidly gaining momentum. There is no longer any question but that actual consumption exceeds the present rate of production. It will not be long before we wake up to find that the surplus has disappeared."

One wouldn't exactly say that the Miami mining field had come back. The Miami mining field may not be anywhere, but it does look now as though paying prices had come back and dozens of mills closed for months opened up this week on the strength of good prospects. Everybody knew it would all come out in the wash, but with assessments going on as usual it was tough while it lasted.

Viewing the Miami field from a train or approaching a section by automobile one thinks of the many facturing parts of a great city, New York or Pittsburgh. It is more than 15 miles square and contains hundreds of huge mills whose black stacks belch forth smoke in quantities that hide the sky and produce an ever-present, low-lying cloud.

There is fascination, a zest, about the mining game that cannot be explained. Greenbacks are interesting, and a miner, no matter of what degree or how many disappointments he has had, keeps on expecting. But it is not a "Hillman's" game, nor one for a limited supply of funds. The owners of the mines today are those who had the means to hold on. They bought the Hillman's.

The one who owns the land is spoken of as owning the "fee." It is a part of the sport seldom enjoyed by those operating the mines. Many banker for a bit of it—"royalty" is such easy money, but the easy money goes to the Indian. It is, maybe, reproach to our government there as in the oil game that the water rights holding syndicates paired off to the Indian in their depths riches untold.

How would you like to move a mill from the old Joplin field to the new field? It is a huge undertaking. It worth the \$30,000 or the \$40,000 that the contractor gets. Every window-sash, every roll of building, every steel girder, comes along with them from its mooring and headed to a railroad, or, in many instances, carried piecemeal by truck over bad country roads. At is destination the pieces are disposed over the leas in groups and stipulated lots, looking like the biggest junk pile ever put together. The sight creates respect for the man who is to bring them into a three-dimensional perfect mechanism of massive proportions.

The whirling of belts, the grinding of rocks, the hissing of engines, make it impossible to hear even a scream when in the mill. To "millmen" it is the gurgling music of laughing water; a visitor said he would as soon work in hell.

The small buildings surrounding a mill give it the whole appearance of a factory site. All of them are one-story, rude, but suitable. At the "office" the bookkeeper attends to all paper work and pays the men on Saturday afternoon. He receives the supply house men who drag around through the day from Joplin, Commerce, Carden, and Picher, and sends to the superintendent who is always hard to find but is always known to have to have a screw or a compressor "in a hurry." The "blacksmith shop" keeps three or four men busy sharpening tools and mending small greases in the machinery, and the "powder house" enjoys a seclusion all its own standing in the art of gunpowder manufacture for blasting. The amount of money spent in power alone is surprising. The "supply shed" holds duplicates of parts and tools known to be needed at more or less regular intervals and the "dog house" is the shelter where underground men change their clothing before going into the ground.

The miners have sprung out of the earth since the opening of the first mine a few years ago, one or two are incorporated, all are here, and

rough. The streets are narrow and crooked, the stores are crowded, and questionable houses are many.

And the people—how they live.

When new mills are built scores of miners chuck go up over night painted and of only two or three rooms, they often house large families. There is no water system, no sewer, no place to take a shower from the sun or summer. A barrel in front of each door is filled from water wagons and this supply is for drinking, cooking, bathing and washing of clothes. Strange as it seems the swarming children round about look to be as healthy as some whom mothers are careful students of hygiene.

The miner pays \$1 per month for the use of the ground on which he builds his house. The Indians have sold him the land, but it is temporarily. Nothing is permanent, not even the name of the towns for if the owner of the lease decides to cover another mill and the house or the town is in the way, the house or the town must move. Sometimes the water source is diverted or the irrigation ditches farming and threatens to engulf it. It is a case of pick up and pack up, and the ground loses who paid for it, but the owner of the latter's house in the swarming, sometimes, seven miles from the same house but from an opposite side of the mill the next morning.

These are upon general in the principal towns from Miami and Joplin, but dirt roads connect them with every mine and wind up and out among the houses. The roads are dusty, bound compassions in mud, weathering and bottoming after a rain or snow.

For some reason the people are happy, or get along well. The tantalizing glimpse of wealth is never present and just far enough removed even to them to keep up the stretching, and the life is just interesting enough to sustain the pitch.

The women work hard for their men and children but refuse to leave out elsewhere. The girls of the mining field cannot be tempted to stay away from the perils of life as she knows and is a part of them who would rather work in the back yard of a mining boarding house and stay in the "field," than to come out of the mine as a "French maid" in a cultured woman's home. Progressive in many other ways, the town of Miami has not overcome the small town rule of allowing no negroes to live there, very indignant to young girls at the Women of the place have offered every encouragement to the young girls the mining field to work for them, but they will not remain.

Virginia City attracted men from all corners of the world and the mining field, not being unlike the mining town of the past, might be expected to hold what is it now.

BACK TO THE PRIMITIVE

IN CLOTHES AND SPEECH

PORTLAND, Ore., July 5.—Familly quarrels can grow right absorbing.

At least that is the opinion of Mr. and Mrs. John Howie, who were arrested here because they were arguing in the back yard of their fashionable home clad only in nature's own.

Many, many neighbors summoned the police when the couple dashed out of the rear door of their home hurling words at each other, their movements unhampered by clothing. Even the state policemen shaded their eyes to see them in the house. There they garbed themselves in robes before being taken to the police station.

Memoirs of the Tulsa Ambulancers

By SERGT. JAMES A. BRILL

An Incidental Narrative of the Daring Deeds and Noble Service Rendered by Tulsa's Unit of the Rainbow Division 367 Days in Contact with the Enemy.

THE Aisne-Marne offensive in the Champagne on July 15 had been for our division a stern test of ability to meet and throw back the violent massed assaults of the enemy's choicest troops. The counter offensive up from Chateau-Thierry gave us our opportunity to make good for the first time in offensive tactics and the Saint Mihiel episode furnished a problem in rapid advance and organization of new fronts on reconquered ground.

The miles into which the division was moved, together with almost every other division of American troops, were so great that the march after the armistice had been delayed. The Germans, knowing the virtual performance of stamping the great American drive, had rushed heavy reinforcements to the front opposed to us, gathered from all other portions of the western front. These were trained veterans, having been constantly subjected to shelling, and by night had been continually bombed by hostile aviators, who swept throughout every valley and down every valley where they knew troops to be dug in small holes in the sides of the precipitous slopes. Our chief casualty here was the loss of 1,000 men.

We grimly set out to determine the value of high morale and of individual and sustained teamwork in attack and defense.

It was the final effort, greatest and most strenuous, that would decide the enemy had given up or quitted. This great drive had been fought with a tenacity that could not be equalled, and through it with pitiless grit or face for cost, the aim was to break through enemy positions that had been considered impregnable and to sink the second so deeply into the western as to penetrate to a vital part. It was the volume thereof of a garrison who, combating a fierce enemy, solved the problem, breaking through and taking advantage of the moment when the nearest had spent itself in a lunging spear in past infections and brought it low with a mighty stroke.

Go Into Line

The gigantic thrust had already started when the Rainbow division took up behind the lines, bivouacking first near Souilly, then back of Monfaucon, and when the division took over a portion of the battle front, moving into the lines near Sommepy. The division had been fighting with the added grief of having to fight through mud and through mud, all of the time, in deep mud and most of the time in driving rains. Very inconveniences, too, they were forced to suspend their patients from one hospital to another, thus wasting many precious hours and, regrettably, not a few lives even more precious. There were many instances on this front when patients whom our drivers had given a chance for life, died in our care after spending hours in front of a hospital whose inefficient administration quibbled over accepting certain classes of wounded.

In the short time the division had been chopped to pieces by artillery and the only road of any quality it had been mined and blown in, the drivers had to contend with the Germans. In addition there was the constant rain and the almost bottomless mud. Troops were very congested and supplies could be had only with the greatest difficulty and after overcoming wicked obstacles to transportation from points far in the rear.

Our ambulance companies were stationed at Peronne, la Fosse, just east of Aisnefontaine, in the Aisne valley, blanketed on the west by the heights of Montfaucon and confronted by the high hills already named. We had other posts at Bapaume and Exermont, and our usual litter carriers and first aid men with the country, dug in on the mountainous sites of the steep gulches of the valley.

When the division jumped off on

the morning of October 14, we began the constant straining work which followed the systematic retreat, and it was into these determined rear guard actions that we went on the 15th of November.

All troops were exhausted,

all thrown into the Germans with a final burst of frenzy. Our division advanced against enemy resistance in this final stage of the battle more than 10 kilometers in less than 10 hours, and before it was received on November 16 and secured the heights on the south bank of the Meuse confronting Sedan.

By day we had been constantly subjected to shelling, and by night we had been continually bombed by hostile aviators, who swept throughout every valley and down every valley where they knew troops to be dug in small holes in the sides of the precipitous slopes. Our chief casualty here was the loss of 1,000 men.

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Work Day and Night

Our bitter hours, working day and night while the division was in the fight, were forced to carry wounded on stretches distances of three and four kilometers almost all the time. The Jason was very faint, tiring, owing to the worn condition of all troops, and the violent stand made by the enemy.

Drivers of ambulances and trucks also working day and night were forced to struggle through unheard-of traffic conditions for balance-almost as great as on the Chateau-Thierry front with the added grief of having to fight through mud and through mud, all of the time, in deep mud and most of the time in driving rains. It had not had time to get replacements for the 1,300 men it had lost in the Saint Mihiel attack.

The new battle-ground was not attractive. It lay adjoining the northern part of the Argonne forest, and fronted on Hills 288 and 242, points of vicious strength of defense by the enemy.

For miles to the rear the terrain had been chopped to pieces by artillery and the only road of any quality it had been mined and blown in, the drivers had to contend with the Germans. In addition there was the constant rain and the almost bottomless mud. Troops were very congested and supplies could be had only with the greatest difficulty and after overcoming wicked obstacles to transportation from points far in the rear.

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